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Palmer Peas Poses as Newt Lee; Recorder Learns Something of the Lotus Eaters and Cocaine Alley

HELL'S HALF ACRE	WHAR YO DUN BIN, PINKIE?	OVER T'DE "PICKLE JOINT" - SAM	RECORDER'S REMARKABLE MEMORY ENCYCLOPED IA NAMES FACE DATES - ETC	YOU IS HEERD ER ME, SHO', ISN'T YOU? ISE PO' OLE NEWT LEE - YESSEM DAY'S ME
COCAI NE ALLEY	"FROG HOLLO W"	"DEVIL'S DIP"		

PALMER PEAS, who is the most original and persevering offender known to the police, has surpassed himself. Palmer has posed as Newt Lee.

"Honest Old Newt Lee," said Palmer, going from soft-hearted citizen to soft-hearted citizen. The tears of an honest man stood in Palmer's eyes as he told his story, and there is no knowing just how many gave to him out of the fullness of their souls.

Newt was one of the chief witnesses at the Frank trial, and there was something in his manner that won popular approval. He suggested the ruggedness and honesty of some faithful beast of burden, and there was about him a humor that was kindly.

Even the lawyers softened their tone when they spoke to Newt, and the story of his naïve answers to Mr. Rosser tickled everyone. Newt, in a humble way, was a sort of popular idol.

Palmer, in his surprisingly acute manner, realized this, and appealed to charity under the guise that he was old Newt and that the hand of want had been laid on him. The police learned of Palmer's newest jest, and he was rewarded with several months at the stockade.

Until last year, Palmer had not spent a "free Christmas" for a decade. The police are wondering whether there is any chance of his being out of jail on Christmas of this year.

Recorder Johnson is learning that the City Directory gives only the obvious and superficial names of streets in Darktown. The little alleyways that lead off from Decatur, and wind and twist in other unpretentious parts of the city, have titles that are droll and to the point. They carry the atmosphere and character of the street.

It was while trying a case last week in police court that he first heard of Cocaine Alley and the Pickle Joints; and, since then, Hell's Half Acre, Kansas, Frog Hollow, and Devil's Dip have become as old Saxon phrases to his years.

Cocaine Alley is a haunt of Decatur Street lotus eaters, just back of 240 Decatur, where police say the white drug goes from hand to hand and dreams are the substance of life. Nowhere else in the city is existence so vague and fanciful.

Hell's Half Acre is back of Fort and Scofield Streets.

Frog Hollow is near the gas tank and Devil's Dip is under the Washington Street viaduct. Pickle Joints, in Decatur Street Argo, are delicatessen shops.

Before the Desk Sergeant's office at the Police Station is a small, cupped place, in the wood, made by many heels. It is the imprint of distress. Defendants from police court stand there as they pay fines, turn on their heels and help to grind the slight hollow deeper. Women bringing that old story of husbands gone, victims of foul play, they are sure, stand before the sergeant's window as they report to him; turn, and their heels press into the hollow. No spot in Atlanta is such a symbol of sorrow.

George Cornett is one man in Atlanta who remembers everything. For 20 years, he has been a member of the police force, and for a long, long time has been attached to the police court. Hundreds are tried there weekly, but he seems to remember almost every face. Recorder Johnson has no need of a docket to remind him. He just asks Cornett.

"Is this an old offender?" he questions; and Cornett eyes the man. For a moment, he pauses as though running through a long file of mental photographs. He seems to lay his finger on this particular man, and his answer is definite and decisive."

If the prisoner is well used to police court ways, George Cornett knows when he was tried, of what he was accused of, what manner of person he is, and whether the recorder should greet him with mercy.

What Made

Him Angry?

“What is he so angry with you for?”

“I haven’t the slightest idea. We met in the Street, and we were talking just as friendly as could be, when, all of a sudden, he flared up and tried to kick me.”

“And what were you talking about?”

“Oh, just ordinary small talk. I remember he said, ‘I always kiss my wife three or four times every day.’”

“And what did you say?”

“I said, ‘I know at least a dozen men who do the same,’ and then he had a fit.”
